

Just A Day In My Thoughts

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A Self-Published Poetry Book

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Introduction

This book has been published for introspection, analytical consideration and the courageous pursuit of self-actualization. I wrote these poems as a reflection of my teenage and adulthood years. I wish to give insight and also to connect with the reader/thinker/listener spiritually. These writings have been stored deep within my spirit and are intended to create thought provoking ideas on the different subject matters at hand. I feel that one must be able to connect with individuals in ways other than conversation about daily happenings. We as a people must extend our reach and be willing to enlighten each other in order to pass on significant knowledge. Poetry is one of the easiest ways to convey such intelligence. Information must be shared in order for a race to undertake a consciousness shift towards the positive as a whole. Please feel free to pass on these encouraging words to the individuals that surround you whether it is at home, work or outside of these asylums. You never know who these texts will affect or how a person will respond when provided with these new stimuli. I am certain that these poems and excerpts will manifest and bring about a positive shift in consciousness.

- Knowledge is power.

- Information is power.
- Education is power.
- Love is power.
- Money is not power.

Dedication

This book is dedicated to the loving memory of William Danford Lynch and all of the fallen comrades who fought for the truth to be heard, felt and seen. It is also dedicated to my family, friends, loved ones, visionaries, revolutionaries and to anyone who is in search of the truth. THE TRUTH WILL NEVER CHANGE. WE ARE ALL THE SAME.

Poem I**Revolutionary Nightmares**

I had a dream last night that somebody died

The look in her eyes said that she wanted to cry

But for some strange reason I couldnt shake the demon

A cold hearted feeling that wasnt too pleasing

The dream got deeper as I tried to escape

I had only 10 minutes to break free and awake

I tossed and I turned only to become so restless

That when I awoke I realized that this dream only symbolized

I had a revolutionary death wish

Poem II**A Black Man's World**

How can I dream of being free in this white mans world

When I live in poverty and my hood is a peril

There was no way out and I suffered from the heartaches and pain

Confused by history because now Im told everyone is the same

But Equality aint equal and justice aint just

I perceive the world and see not a soul I can trust

Cuz mister white man created the master plan of all plans

When will my people wake up and say enough is enough

Lets take a stand

Racism is still alive; its bold plus its daring

Doesn't care if youre an innocent child, a saint or a parent

Capitalism is the sickest form of deception and hate

Blindfolded by the lies, risking our freedom at stake

Hand fed by the "master" deceived to be slaves

Until mister white mans world finally sees the judgment day

The only way out it seems is as simple as this

Say fuck the white mans world and take back our shit

Poem III**Why Does Everything That Feels Wrong, Feel So Right?!**

Business before pleasure is what we was told

Graduated from the system when I was 18 years old

Never knew that the world had so much to offer

Wish that I could go back to the days of playing cops and robber

Everything that was innocent seemed like it was gold

I never graduated college, I was 23 years old

Did know and cant say that I was ignorant

But I learned one lesson, you should remember this:

Everything that glitters aint gold

When you get old dont lose touch of your soul

Cuz most of the time everything thats wrong feels right

But the price that pay for those things is your life

Poem IV**Gypsy Woman****(Dedicated to my ex-girlfriend)**

I fell in love with a gypsy woman

Her mother was a palm reader

Should of known while I was knee deep

Love was my drug of choice; I was addicted

Broke promises and lost friendships

My only care in the world was about her

The sex was phenomenal

But somewhere I missed the memo that relationships can be
dreadful

We were high as the sky but soon it wore off

Took another dose and it was lethal, soon I dozed off

Lies, violence, more sex and lust

The girl I used to love now I could barely even trust

I told myself that I would soon cut things off

Took another pill and it was lethal, soon I dozed off

Love came back and this time it felt all too great

Should of known that heartbreak was my only fate

The gypsy woman went to town with another man

Days passed as I was soon was surrounded by misery and
loneliness

Asked God a thousand times how could he do this to me

To make a creation like her but make something as useless as me

Suicidal thoughts and alienation was the only way to cope

Couldn't picture her and another man; I was left with no hope

I was ready to die every second over my loss

Took another dose and it was fatal, soon I dozed off

Met another gypsy woman the next day

Had the same tantalizing looks but to love again was riskay

Love sucks and I knew the pain would blow off

Took another dose, but this time love was the pay off

Poem V**The Seed (Am I Growing?)**

Am I growing as a person

Or am I stuck where I'm at

Am I becoming a better person

Or is finding purpose too trivial of a task

Am I exploiting the correct things to succeed in life

Or am I just spinning my wheel and committing the same mistakes
twice

Am I living up to my father's expectations

Am I following my mother's instructions

Or am I too hard on myself

For I barely have strength enough to muster

Am I going to be everything that I dreamed of as a child

Or am I setting goals that seem far-fetched-wild-of-nature

I think I know where I am going

I'm gaining wisdom for sure

Amongst my fellow peers I am one of the few that are mature

But the question is and still remains

Are these positive seeds that I am sowing

Am I the one that's still growing

Poem VI**2 The Ones Eye Love Most**

(Dedicated to everyone Eye love which is Everybody)

2 the ones I love most

I am always praying for you

That you find comfort and meaning on life's narrow path

2 the ones I love most

You are my deepest concern

A reflection of me in my productive and youthful years

2 the ones I love most

I'll stand for you

Fight for you

And do whatever it takes to make you smile

2 the ones I love most

Each memory we create is one that I share

My love is boundless

And I care and I care

2 the ones that I love most

Know that God is on your side

Use prayer and supplication to receive your heart desires

2 the ones that I love most

You are a gift to me; you are a gift to the world

The ones I truly love are the light of the world

2 the ones I love most

Poem VII**Mother Nature**

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

Lend me your ear

Touch my heart with kindness

When destruction is near

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

Lead me not astray

For I am one of many

Appreciative of where I stay

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

Protect me and my territory

For when your wrath is mighty

I fear the end slightly

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

You are the fruitful in nature

O how you nurtured me

And blessed my every neighbor

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

A wise friend you are indeed

Forever providing joy

And of course there is peace

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

How are thou plenty

For when the tides are low

The seas are never empty

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

Youve transcended

There is none to compare

Majestic it was to create the fowls of the air

Mother Nature

Mother Nature

I've openly observed you a long time

And Mother Nature if you were a woman

I would make you all mine

Poem VIII**The Gifted**

The gifted are young

The gifted are beautiful

The gifted are gifted in creating the musical

The gifted are free

The gifted are strong

The gifted are gifted in making skills honed

The gifted are courageous

The gifted are brave

The gifted are gifted in always knowing the right thing to say

The gifted are talented

The gifted are skillful

The gifted are gifted in being happy and cheerful

The gifted are understanding

The gifted are planning

The gifted are gifted in transcending

The gifted are love

The gifted are never asleep

The gifted you ask

Are you and me

Poem IX**Been Here, Before**

Iv'e been here before

You've been here before

We are all just spirits

Who have been here before

The journey we took

We cannot remember no more

But its truth that

We've been here before

Whether the path is narrow

Or the passage is long

Whether the math is wrong

Or Africa is home

Its all true in the time of unknown

We've all been here before

I've searched the score high and low
Reached inside to touch the soul
Of the man or woman whose eyes are cold
And yes, they've been here before

A billion years or a sea of tears
Happy and sad or fortune and fame
I'm just glad to have a name
For I have been here before

If God is good and yours is great
Let's give him praise for another day
We all are slaves to the games we play
And yes, you've been here before

You can look inside and visualize
The old soul that steers inside
But you cannot run and you cannot hide

From what's inside

For we all are victims to the hands of time

And to finally know what's on the other side

You would have to have been here before

Poem X

Malcolm Luther

(Dedicated to the existing memory of Malcolm X and Rev. Martin Luther King Jr.)

All power to the people

As Huey Newton said

Followed by gunshots

Now Huey's dead

By any means necessary

We will fight relentlessly until we are all equal

No matter the race, creed or complexity

We are ALL THE SAME PEOPLE

I have a problem with the death of all of our great black leaders

And in this speech I am directly speaking to "our" people:

How many of our leaders must get murdered in cold blood for black people to stand up and protect "their" people?

How many sisters must be falsely accused, charged and acquitted of doing what's right, when we as men won't even protect our sisters and take charge of the fight?

Why doesn't the education system educate you on "your" black history and you won't even self-educate yourself on where you come from, who We are, what's your purpose or how black people are the founding fathers of this great nation that We pledge allegiance and loyalty to? I find this destructive and if you do not educate yourself and begin to re-condition your mind, you will always and forever be a slave.

If I am correct in my research, the black race was the origin of life and it can be scientifically proven to show that blacks were the first inhabitants of this vast world we live in. Black people are the only race that has been directly targeted by a systematic racial onslaught to de-value, diminish and obliterate the knowledge of our entire history and its importance to the evolution of mankind. Is it only enough to serve black people with the dignity of a month of restoration(Black History Month) about an existence that precedes thousands of years in information, inventions, ground breaking technology and the introduction of math, science and

medicine which is still being used in today's society. We were once the teachers and Europeans were the students. Now We are the students being taught what We already should know through self-awareness.

Here I stand in the year two-thousand and thirteen, the embodiment(re-incarnation) of all of our prominent and successful leaders, writers, scientists, and explorers which have all given way to the incredible life we enjoy today. Thus I will include this poem which should cause thought-provoking insight to who We are as a people and what is the solution to the self-destruction of the black man. It should also be included that every man of every color should read the Willie Lynch letter recited in 1712. This is the type of physical and mental enslavement that we are facing 300 years later in the 21st century. It is MANDATORY that we teach our children-future generations the reversal methods to being a modern day slave:

Martin wasn't a dreamer

Martin was a mind-consciousness cleaner

Martin cleaned up the mess that was left by European teachers

Slave traders

But Martin wasnt focused on pushing a Beamer

Martin had a dream that all races would be equal

But teachers tell us that Martin was only a leader

Martin was a prophet

Martin died for the pro-jets and projects

"Operation Equality and Justice" is the name it was given

Funny how they killed Malcolm X for creating the same image

Standing up strongly for the people

Instructing that we are equal

Malcolm was a president

Malcolm wasnt evil

Its evident Malcolm only wanted justice by any means necessary

But if you crossed that line Malcolm would send you to the cemetery

Now both of our leaders

Are long gone and equal

They stood for the people

And they died beside the people

Now why won't the people

Stand up for their leaders

And carry on the message

Because their prophecies were a blessing

Housing conditions, education and inequality

Were things that they set out for you and for me

Martin preached non-violence

Malcolm spoke with influence

They both had a reason to uplift the black community

What would they say if they saw you as the cause for ruining it

Everything that they hoped for

Every right that they fought for

Was opened up-shut door ?

We did the same thing to Tupac and Biggie

Let the white man infiltrate and steal our image

Strong black men are the reason why we are here

And if "we" don't watch it

"We'll" be the reason why they all "disappear"

Everyone should have the opportunity to live-free-happily

Why do we hate men that try to make life better

And kill them in cold blood tragically

It's a tragedy and only revolution is the answer

Just ask Huey Newton how a prison does damage

Prophets shot up

Chained down and locked up

But we only worried about looking good in a new fox fur

The black man got to stop being so got damn ignorant, and
dependent

Its time to get rid of this Willie Lynch image

Poem XII**Time (Does Not Exist)**

You always hear people say I don't have Time for this or that

But what is this thing that they don't have Time to grasp

Time is measured in seconds, minutes and hours

Time is how long it takes for you to get out of the shower

Time is important because Time is money

Time to me is always having Time to be funny

Time is well spent or Time is wasted

Time is waiting at the bus stop and being patient

Time is calculated on a wristwatch, preferably a nice one

Time is invaluable to those who don't have one

Time is how long you have known a person

Time is how long you can stand to be with that person

Time is useful if you have plenty of it

Time is especially useful when you want to give your lover a kiss

Time is taking Time to give a friend a helping hand

Time is creatively mapping out an effective plan

Time is knowing where exactly to be, as in location

Time is spent observing the stars, wishing and hoping

Time is arriving at your job on Time

Time is ending up in jail because you was in the wrong place at the wrong Time

Now is Time really just a fascination of the human mind

Because it always seems that we don't have Time

Poem XIII**If I Were A Bird**

If I were a bird I would fly everywhere

I would fly across the globe and visit every city

I would travel to every country and see what their life is like
on the other side

If I were a bird I would wake up early in the morning at the
crack of dawn just to get the first juicy worm

I would build me a nest high in the trees where no humans or
other animals could reach

I would soar across the blue sky admiring my lovely view

Poem XIV**So What**

So what if anyone likes me

I know someone who does

So what if I'm not muscular and strong

I have the strength of ten oxen

So what if I never find love

I found love before and I didn't like it

So what if I smoke and drink

There are plenty of doctors who drink alcohol after work each day

So what if I don't wear nice clothes

As long as I have something to cover up my nakedness, I am fine

So what if I don't read

I watch enough television to know what's going on

So what if I don't have a car

I'll just walk wherever I have to go and get my exercise that way

So what if I don't get a job promotion

I'm planning on quitting soon anyways

So what if I don't have any money

Money is the root of all evil, I don't like evil

So what if I don't have any friends

I don't like people

So what if run a stop sign

Who's policing the police

So what if I stop going to church

I have faith in God

So what if my attitude is so what

Nobody cares anyways

Poem XV**The Beverly Hills Girl****(Dedicated 2 Tiffani 4rm Cali)**

Hot, provocative sexy

Way 2 hot to handle

I saw her from miles away

Her love was like a candle

I knew she was indifferent

A lover who was down to stay

(Down 4 play)

When I saw her close

I looked into her eyes

The flames had me mes-merized

Cuz this girl was hot and sexy

(But) Way 2 hot to handle

And all I saw was love in her eyes

Didnt want to seem 2 desperate

Didnt want to seem 2 desperate

Didnt want to seem 2 connected

Girl your love feels kineti-kik

But my love wont you check this

My love you wont forget it

Baby you are so beautiful

Your love is impressive

Your presence is respected

Your heart is well protected

Hot, provocative sexy

She was way 2 hot to handle

I fell in love from miles away

Her love was like a candle

I knew she was indifferent

A lover who was down to stay

(Down 4 play)

Baby you're so beautiful

Baby you're so beautiful

I even love your cuticles

I love you down to your cuticles

Baby you mighty fine

Baby you are so fine

Darling I want to make you mine

Baby can I please make you mine

Baby tell me what's your number

Baby can I have your number

Can I call you during the summer

Can we talk during the summer

Can I paint you the perfect picture

Can I paint us in the perfect picture

Young love you will remember

My love you will remember

Hot, provocative sexy

She was way 2 hot to handle

I loved her from miles away

Her love was like a candle

I knew she was indifferent

A lover who was down to stay

(Down 4 play)

Poem XVI**For My Son (My Firstborn)**

Be the greatest man.

Your great-grandfather was a good man.

Your grandfather was a better man.

Your father was a best man.

You will one day become a man.

Become an even better man than both me and your grandfather.

Be a leader not follower.

Be the best man possible.

Be the greatest man.

Poem XVII**The Heart Grows Cold**

Sold drugs ya whole life

How does it feel to live in eternal fire

Cant even sleep at night

Cuz fast money you admire

Now youll be crooked just to make a quick buck 2

Cant even live with yourself, life must suck and its true

That the hearts grows cold in the winter

And even the prettiest flower will soon have 2 wither

But why should u even bother thinking about consequences

Cuz somebody momma aint make it home to cook dinner

Died on the streets syringe in her hand

Spent her last ten coppering pills from ya mans

You live in eternal fire

Becuz baby junkies die

Killing off our youth

But you dont see the truth

Its all too late

The 45 is drawn 2 fill ya car up wit lead

God bless the dead

Poem XVIII**The Perfect Woman**

Classy and prestigious

Built with dignity

Her beauty is a gift

For all men to see

Whole in character

Passionate by nature

The woman is a vibrant actor

She flows freely like the sea

Man's best friend

The woman is indeed

Sensitive and assuring

In his time of need

To have a woman at hand

Is a blessing in disguise

When I meet the perfect woman

She'll make me a better man

And only then will we take off and fly

Poem XIX**When I Become A Millionaire**

The day I become a millionaire

O' that glorious day

I'll be overjoyed with excitement

But I will have nothing to say

Speechless is the word

Running is the verb

I'll run thru my hometown

And share encouraging words

Never will I lose touch with my roots

This is truth

God is first and foremost

Second is the caboose

Everyone onboard!

Everyone onboard!

Come join me as I give thanks to the Lord

Lets sing him praises

And make a joyful noise

The day I become a millionaire

I will shed many tears

For the struggle was unbearable at times

But somehow I persevered

Many nights I cried

Ive heard so many lies

But on that glorious day

I will stretch my hands to heaven

And then my soul will rise

Poem XX**The Last Black Panther****(Dedicated to Huey P. Newton and Bobby Seale)**

Your fight is my fight

Your struggle represents my life

We stand We fall

But united We stand tall

For justice or for peace

The ten points I'll keep

For those that are weak

We are the Self-defense in the black community

A revolutionary mindset

In our hearts we are eager

I am now leading by example

All Power To The People

Closing Remarks

I want to thank everyone who has assisted me in writing these poems. I want to give a special thanks to my father who has encouraged me to pursue my dreams and be the greatest man possible. These poems should be passed on to my kids and their kids; starting a generational cycle of enlightenment. I pray that you the reader/listener are as favored as I am and will be inspired to share these words. God Bless You.